Under Pressure

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/14058831.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom, Beverly Katz
Additional Tags:	Pressure, Pressure Stimming, Pressure kink, Pining, Murder, Canon-Typical Violence, Manipulative Hannibal, Therapy, Season/Series 01, Cannibalism, Will Graham Has Encephalitis, Dialogue Heavy, Dark Will Graham
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-03-22 Completed: 2018-05-23 Words: 12,674 Chapters: 4/4

Under Pressure

by neunundneunzig

Summary

Will finds calm in having physical weight on him. Hannibal uses this and a new ripper murder to reel him closer.

Or

Will finds himself falling for Hannibal Lecter and for the Chesapeake Ripper.

Notes

A few warnings to start out, but none that should really shock you, given the source material.

Hannibal is a bad therapist. He grabs Will to "ground" him without having talked about it prior. But more so, he's emotionally manipulative of our poor Will Graham.

Additionally, there is a murder in this work, fairly canon-typical.

Next chapter may feature sexual content, cannibalism, and will definitely feature more emotional manipulation.

Chapter 1

It began one night after Hannibal and Will had dinner together. They'd toed over into something far closer to friendship than therapy. Will found himself enjoying it against everything he was used to in the past. Hannibal had been cautiously, yet persistantly breaking down his walls. He was starting to question the need for his usual fortresses.

They were enjoying red wine in Hannibal's kitchen, talking lightly. Hannibal went on for a bit about the tannins and the different ways individuals tasted them. Will tried to understand, and did glean some knowledge, but mostly just listened to the pleasant rhythm of Hannibal's voice. He enjoyed how knowledgable the man was. His sharing it came from a place of passion, it seemed, rather than any class-spawned elitism.

The topic eventually, and unfortunately, wandered over to Will's work.

Will doesn't remember what exactly was said. His mind does a good job of burying things sometimes. But he remembers politely trying to excuse himself to have a panic attack in private. It was something he'd grown very used to managing, though he should have known that Hannibal wouldn't let him.

Hannibal stopped him in the hallway before he found the bathroom, trying to break through the horrible crescendo of anxiety with gentle words. Will could hardly hear him, just trying to breathe and stay in his skin.

Then Hannibal wrapped his arms around him tightly. He put a strong hand on the back of his neck, the other around his waist, and held him, tight and fast.

He doesn't know how long they stayed like that. It did not last too long, but rather came to a natural end. His breathing calmed and he sagged against Hannibal, tension leached out of his body. Hannibal loosened his grip, then pulled away, hands still on Will's arms, he muttered gently, "Let me get you some water."

Will nodded and followed him to the kitchen. "Sorry." He mumbled.

"Please don't apologise for your emotions." He poured him a glass, "You are always safe to express them with me. How are you feeling now?"

"Better. A lot better. I… didn't really think a hug would have fixed that." He gave a short nervous laugh.

Hannibal gave a curious look, "That was to ground you. Put pressure on your body to remind you where you are, and where you're not. Admittedly, I should not have done it. Forced physical contact could have yielded far more negative results."

Will drank his water, "It… it was fine. Really, I didn't… it was nice. It did ground me. So if you need to use that technique or anything…"

Hannibal nodded, “We can talk about this more during your therapy appointment next week. I think it is a topic worth exploring.”

Will nodded and drank more, throat feeling tight.

He had to promise Hannibal over and over that he was fine to drive home on his own. Hannibal seemed skeptical, but he truly was. It was a peaceful ride back. He tried his best to stay out of his own head for it, to not try to see the evening through Hannibal’s eyes. He felt a little stupid for it, for holding on to some kind of desire for physical contact that badly.

When he got home, he played with his dogs for a while, mostly to get their energy out, but somewhat to prove to himself that he wasn't lonely.

Will couldn't stop thinking about it, on and off through the week. He wanted the warm, pleasant weight on him again. Finally, one cold night, he piled a heavy comforter on top of himself. He usually slept without even a blanket, sweating so profusely from his nightmares. But something about the weight calmed him. He slept better that night than any before.

The next day, during his therapy, Hannibal brought it up quite patiently.

“I'd like to apologise yet again for my behavior the other day. Grabbing a patient in the midst of a panic attack was not only a terrible idea, but horrendously inappropriate.”

“It wasn't.” Will blurted, “It wasn't a terrible idea. It really calmed me. And I'm not really a patient, you've said so yourself.”

Hannibal nodded, “What about it calmed you?”

“You…” Will stopped himself, a little embarrassed at his words, “You holding me so tightly. The pressure just became everything on my mind. In a good way.”

Hannibal nodded, “Are you used to physical touch?”

Will grimaced at the question, “I'm… I'm a very private person.”

“You haven't said anything since our discussion about Alana that alluded to romance or even close friendship in your life.”

“No.”

“You sleep alone most nights?”

Will stood and paced to Hannibal's bookshelf, “Yeah.” He sighed. Sometimes if he was still enough in his sleep, he'd find a dog up in the bed with him in the morning, but saying that aloud only sounded sadder.

“You don't usually get the sensations of spooning, or the weight of another person's body on yours.”

“No. Are you intentionally shaming me?”

“Not at all. I don't suppose you're alone all of your own desire.”

“No.” He closed his eyes.

He heard Hannibal rise from his chair but he didn't turn, instead studying a book with a Cyrillic title, just absently looking at the curves of the letters.

“May I embrace you again?”

“Fuck!” Will startled, not expecting Hannibal to be standing right behind him. The man always managed to move in absolute silence.

“I'm sorry, I didn't mean-”

“It's fine. It's fine.” Will took a little breath and closed his eyes, “Yes.”

Hannibal pressed him slightly against the bookshelf, hugging him tight and partially leaning on him, putting more weight on him. Will kept his eyes closed, just focusing on the sensation. It was pleasant. He didn't have to worry about anything but the constant feeling of the other man against him.

Hannibal pulled away after a bit, “How was that?”

“Good.” Will muttered, feeling strangely relaxed, “I… I slept with a heavy comforter last night. I didn't have any nightmares.”

Hannibal nodded and moved beside him, also pretending to study the bookshelf. Will appreciated him staying in his line of sight, not looking to be surprised again.

“Have you considered purchasing a weighted blanket? They're said to be very beneficial for individuals with sleep or sensory disorders.”

“Sensory disorders. Is that a diagnosis, Dr. Lecter?” Will scoffed.

“Last we agreed, I was not your doctor, as you were not my patient.”

Will looked at him and saw a glimmer of a smile on his face. He returned it, “We did. I'll look into it, thanks.”

Hannibal smiled and placed a hand on his back.

Will just looked at the book title again, trying to understand the touch. It wasn't so low as to be inappropriate. He would never presume that from Dr. Lecter. But it was close enough to be friendly rather than the clinical kindness of a doctor.

“Would you join me for lunch Thursday? Not the one but the next? I believe some ingredients I've been wanting to try working with should be available.” Hannibal smiled. “I'd love to try out a new dish on you.”

Will didn't look at him, “I…”

“Unless you have plans.”

“No.” Will shook his head. Tying fishing lures and day drinking didn't necessarily constitute plans, and he knew that lying to Hannibal about having any wouldn't work at all.

“Fantastic. Now, I suppose you've seen some of the recent press coverage you've received.”

Will sighed, “Yeah. I have. Miss Freddie Lounds has taken to me.”

“Ah. Yes, I read her blog on occasion.”

“She knows I hate her. It encourages her to write more.” He sighed, “I, ah, get aggressive with her. Say things I shouldn't.”

“Schoolyard taunts.” Hannibal gave a small smile.

“Yeah. But these are… I don't need people seeing what she writes about me. People already think I'm some kind of freak, I don't need… That.”

“You said before, you're very private.”

“Exactly. And Jack is starting to worry about me being targeted some ways. That's the last thing I need to worry about.”

Will woke on Tuesday with eight missed calls from Jack. He groaned and called him back, still curled under his new blanket. Nightmares had avoided him that week.

“Yeah?” He croaked, still waking.

“Will! Where have you been? We've got a new ripper murder.”

“Sorry.” He sat up, joy of sleep dissolving into grogginess, “I'll be right there, text me the address alright?”

“...I need you to prepare yourself for this one.”

“How bad is it?” He sighed, nearly used to it all at this point.

"He's targeting you, Will.”

Will stayed quiet for a bit, the sinking, frozen dread burrowing under his sink. He spoke, detached, “Send me the address, I'll be there.”

Will drove, feeling more anxious than he had in awhile. He began to think he had numbed himself to the horrors. At some point, it was necessary to do so to continue his work. He drove up, realizing with a sickness that the scene was at the same observatory where Miriam Lass’ arm was found.

Jack and Alana were arguing outside. He noticed as he stepped out, dead leaves crunching under his feet, that Hannibal had pulled up around the same time as him.

Will came up to the bickering pair, already mentally drained. “The body's inside?”

“Jack. You're not sending him in there. You saw the body.”

“And I know who put it there. And I'm saying that there's information in it specifically for Will. He needs to find out what he can from the scene.”

Will sighed as Hannibal came up beside them, rolling his eyes, “So you're saying the Ripper knows me well enough to put, what, clues in a crime scene?”

“I'm saying this was clearly made for you.”

“He's not a shitty Batman villain. Anything I see is because he wants me to see it. It's not clues, it's a game he's playing.”

“Should we risk letting Will play?” Hannibal gave a slight tilt of his head.

“No. Hannibal, it looks-” Alana bit her lip, “It looks just like you, Will.”

Will gave Jack a tired look.

“The resemblance is almost uncanny,” The agent admitted. “There… was concern at first that it might have actually been you.”

Will closed his eyes, “I suppose it would be…" He searched for the word, "Rude. If I didn't at least look at the crime scene. It would be refusing a gift from him.”

“You're not going to win by playing along with this. Courtesy doesn't matter if you're dead.” Alana shook her head, “This isn't going to do anything, he's not going to be caught like this.”

Will blinked, “So he knows me. Knows I'm working to catch him. Knows what I look like, where I work. Probably where I live, if not, he could find it out.”

“...we need to look at protective-”

“Jack. I think if I play along, if I accept his gifts, I should… I mean, I'm going to be much more interesting alive, at least for now. He probably could kill me if he wanted, that's at least one point he's making. I'm going in.”

“And when you're no longer interesting?” Hannibal frowned, eyebrows furrowed.

“... I'll cross that bridge when I come to it. The body inside?”

Alana clenched her jaw and swallowed. She gave Jack a look that made it very clear that this conversation was not over between them. She turned back to Will and nodded, showing him in.

Memory always proved to be a strange thing for Will. Sometimes it worked backwards. With trauma, it tended to reveal parts of itself piece by piece, as though his brain was slowly revealing what happened, just to make sure he could handle the full picture.

First and foremost, he was made aware of his current situation. Hannibal was holding him tight, fingers digging into his flesh. Will took a shuddering gasp, pressing closer into the man.

Jimmy met him as he was walking in. “From what we can tell, the, uh, the body has been lobotomized.”

“Well.” Brian laughed from a bit further away, “That's one term. He pretty much made his brain a smoothie. Definitely the cause of death. A lot of bleeding, a lot of wounds through an opening in the skull.”

Will nodded, feeling sicker. They led him to what appeared to be a coffin.

Will breathed deep and buried his face I. Hannibal's chest, “My… name is Will Graham… I'm. I'm.”

“You're in an observatory in Maryland.” Hannibal helped him, “You've been working a case.”

Beverly looked up from the sleek, polished wood of it, “Will. You don't want to see this.”

“So I've been told.” He moved up.

“The eyes have been removed. You can see in the sockets there, lilies. Typical for funerals, they symbolize innocence, peace and restoration. They've…” Jimmy droned on as Will moved to see himself lying dead in the coffin.

Jack was right. The resemblance was uncanny. He stared down, feeling disoriented.

”I can't be in here any longer I need to get out I need to leave I'm going home.” Will rambled, still clinging to Hannibal, his only lifeline.

”Will. You're in no state to drive and I won't leave you alone. You just suffered a major panic attack. This was… more traumatic for you than we could have thought.”

“We think organs have been removed.” Beverly noted, “We can't open him back up yet but we believe the heart is missing.”

“Everyone please.” Will whispered, “I need the room.”

The forensics team cleared out.

Will closed his eyes and the pendulum swung.

He was curled silently on a sofa in Hannibal's living room. His thoughts ebbed and flowed from logical and grounded to broken and violent. Hannibal had placed a heavy coat around his shoulders, but it wasn't enough.

His friend, he supposed, returned with two cups of tea, setting one down on a coaster by Will.

“Thanks.” He whispered.

Hannibal nodded, “You were very brave today.”

Will gave a breathy laugh, feeling patronized by the comment.

“Truly.” Hannibal put a hand on his shoulder, “You saw your own death today. As a participant. Anyone in any kind of mental state would have difficulties with that.”

“It was a gift.” Will whispered.

“A cruel one.”

Will shook his head, “Lobotomies were originally used to cure. He… tried to fix me. But he can't. No one can. So instead he gave me peace. He took my eyes and now I don't have to see anymore. He laid me to rest.” Will was crying again.

Hannibal watched him with evident concern.

“It's the most beautiful thing anyone has done for me.” He choked out, “But how do I begin to explain that to Jack? God, Hannibal I can't… I can't…” He reached for him.

Hannibal paused before wrapping his arms around him.

“Hannibal?” Will whispered.

“Yes?”

“Can you lay on top of me? Is that strange?”

“Are you comfortable with it?” He hesitated.

“I'm asking for it. Please.”

Hannibal moved so that he was pressed on top of Will on the couch. Their limbs crowded one another. Will trembled slightly under him, taking rasping breaths.

“You're here, Will Graham. You're at my home. You're with me.”

Will slowly stilled, calming under him. The power that the empath had so willingly given was such a beautiful thing. It was only fitting that Hannibal give him such a gift in return. It warmed his heart to see Will appreciate it so much it left him near broken. He wanted to take him away now and keep him. He could not have imagined a better reception.

Knowing Will understood so fully every piece of his work made him radiant. Hannibal had already began to compose a piece in his mind for Will, for the beginning they were stepping into. They would understand each other soon. They would truly see one another.

Will closed his eyes.

“If you like, you can stay in my guest bedroom?”

“No, I couldn't… I…” he grabbed Hannibal's shirt and yawned, bunching it in his fingers, wrinkling it.

Hannibal decided it was worth it. He put more weight on him, shifting. He knew it brought Will more joy and relaxation. “I can't say I'd let you drive home in this state. Either way, your vehicle is still at the crime scene.”

“I… get nightmares, I'll wake you. Just let me get a cab back.”

“Yes, we've discussed them. Have you found anything effective in relieving these dreams yet?” Hannibal muttered in his ear like it was casual.

Will swallowed, “I've been…. Using a weighted blanket lately. But it's at my house now.”

“An easy fix. I will lie on you while you sleep."

Will blushed harder, “Excuse me?”

Hannibal pulled off him slightly, “Oh. I'm sorry, would that be too strange for you? It's very untraditional of a therapist, but…”

“We don't really…” Will bit his lip, “We have a non-traditional dynamic, don’t we? I guess we could try it if you're comfortable with it?”

Hannibal smiled a little, “I'll take you upstairs. Would you be comfortable with my bed? It's much softer.”

Will nodded back. He looked up at Hannibal, “Yeah, that can work. Are you sure?”

He sat up, almost straddling him, “Absolutely. I wouldn't mind at all. Anything to help a friend.”

Will thought it would be far more uncomfortable. But something about the weight just felt right. Hannibal's bed was perfectly soft and firm. He was falling into sleep already.

Hannibal had lent him a shirt and pajama bottoms. It didn't surprise Will that he had silk pajamas.

Hannibal pressed down on top of him, resting his head on Will's chest. It was achingly intimate. The most Will had gotten with anyone. This had definitely crossed the lines of what he thought his relationship with Hannibal would be.

But he couldn't say he minded one bit.

It almost hurt to wake up alone the next morning. He got up slowly, sadly. He found himself turning and smelling Hannibal's pillow.

He stopped himself. No. Just because Hannibal was the first person to touch him in a long time didn't mean he was going to develop some crush on his therapist.

What they were doing was unorthodox enough. He couldn't scare Hannibal away by even hinting that he might have an attraction.

Will got up slowly and made his way downstairs, finding Hannibal in the kitchen. He was scrambling eggs in a pan.

Will smiled and sat down, “Good morning.”

”Good morning Will.” he smiled back and plated the eggs, “Your timing is impeccable.”

“What can I say.” He smiled, then looked down, “You didn't have to make me breakfast.”

“I would not feel right to let a friend leave my home hungry.”

Will smiled and grabbed a fork. Friends. They were friends. Strange ones, but they were.

Hannibal sat beside him to eat, “How did you sleep?”

“Really well. It… was probably one of the best rests I've had in a long long time.”

“I'm glad. I must admit, I think your presence helped my sleep as well.”

Will took a half breath and mumbled out, “Maybe we can make a thing of it. I wouldn't uh, mind if…”

Hannibal gave him a courteous smile. He made it clear he understood Will's sentiment and accepted it. He gave a little nod, “Have you been able to think more about your doppelganger?”

Will swallowed and pushed his plate away, “There is one part I don't understand.”

Hannibal tilted his head slightly, signaling for Will to go on. He needed to know what wasn't clear, what his brilliant Will could have now missed.

“I… have an explanation. But it's… wrong. I'm in my own head too much. It sounds awful.” He laughed nervously. “He cut out my heart. He… I think he took it. I mean it's… not that he's saying I don't have a heart it's more… Ro-romantic?”

Hannibal had to contain himself. Will had known somehow, the obsession Hannibal was blooming in himself. Bedelia warned more against it every session but he felt it. He wanted to take Will's heart, his courage, and sink his teeth into it. And he would.

“...I know. It's such a horrible thought.” Will muttered.

Hannibal nodded, watching his face. He would have to give it time.

Will laid awake, staring at the ceiling. He couldn't sleep again. He folded his weighted blanket in two and set it over himself. It still wasn't enough. He needed the breathing, warm weight of Hannibal back.

He bit his lip, knowing something would help him sleep some. He slowly slid his hand down into his boxers, still under the heavy blanket. He stroked himself slowly, imagination starting to run.

Hannibal was laying on top of him. That was all. That wasn't a sexual thing to think. It was okay to touch himself to that. Yeah. Who was he kidding. Hannibal, his strong, heavy limbs pressing down on him. It was so nice, he felt so at home and safe. This was wrong.

Will powered through the guilt, chasing arousal instead. He wanted to feel crowded, compressed. He stroked faster, just sick with himself and needing something. Hannibal’s arms crushing him, holding him tight. Pressing him into his mattress, their legs sliding together.

Hannibal’s fingers scooping his eyes out, freeing him, then opening his-

Will twitched, horrified as he came to the thought of Hannibal ripping his heart out of his chest. He stifled little nervous noises, staring at the mess on his hands.

He was sick. There was something broken inside him. Hannibal was the last good thing he had. He'd made his damaged brain connect Hannibal, his friend and therapist, to the Chesapeake Ripper. Worse yet, he sexualized them both.

But there was something that made him feel… wanted. Hannibal was obvious. He touched Will, they had slept with each other, just slept. It made sense for him to read into it desperately.

The ripper was something sick. He closed his eyes and say the black, emaciated wendigo staring at his chest cavity. He shuddered and jolted up, running to the shower and throwing himself under the ice cold spray.

He couldn't breathe. He was still in his boxers. There was too much he could almost see something but his mind wouldn't let him.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Warnings for more emotionally manipulative Hannibal

Hannibal set down cups of coffee for the two of them, “The English word *gift* is a false friend to the German *Gift*. While the word you’re most familiar with would mean a present, it’s older cousin translates to poison. Both being something that is given.” Hannibal sat across from him, “Tell me Will, what kind of gift has our killer left for you?”

Will took the coffee, staring down into the tan, foaming bubbles that drifted to the sides, clumping together before popping. He looked back up, “Both. I think the most frightening thing would be that he expected this reaction out of me.”

“Why is that?”

“I wouldn’t have expected how it made me feel. I can’t cope thinking that someone like… that he would know more about me than I know myself. And I feel like I know myself less and less sometimes. It’s hard.”

“And yet you come in here every week and give me more and more of yourself.” Hannibal watched as Will flushed and looked away. How curious. He held some kind of new guilt about their relationship. He wondered if sharing a bed truly made him that interested.

“I can control this. What if when I see him… he sees me back.” Will muttered and sipped his coffee.

“And if that happens?”

“I just don’t know what he’ll find. There’s parts of myself I don’t like. Parts I hide away. Things not even you see in me.”

Hannibal tilted his head, sure he saw every beautiful inch of Will’s potential.

“He took a corpse and made it something I can’t even put into words. I’m not… god it sounds like I’m admiring him. I just… no scene has ever felt so…” Will closed his eyes and leaned back, “Intimate.”

Hannibal held himself back, staying level. Will enchanted him more than anything else he had encountered in many years. He sipped his coffee, “I think a desire for intimacy is something that troubles you.”

Will looked at him, questioning hesitantly.

“Your aborted attempt at a relationship with Alana is one example. Most prominently, you surround yourself with animals for you to care for. Your desire for a paternal relationship with Abigail. And you have had an increased need for human touch, demonstrated by our recent therapeutic pursuits.”

He looked to the side, “Yeah. I guess so.”

“Will. I’m not shaming you. It’s perfectly natural. We all desire closeness.”

“So you’re saying I should, what, find the Ripper and run off the Paris with him?” He rolled his eyes.

Hannibal gave a light smile. It wasn’t an idea he would be opposed to. Paris would be far from his first choice. Perhaps Italy, rather than France, at least for a time. He could see Will holding a glass of wine, sniffing at it inexpertly, while Abigail grew freckled and tan in the warm Tuscan sun.

“Will. I’m saying that while you should not pursue these feelings, you should not have guilt for feeling them. But I can help provide you with other emotional outlets.”

“Yeah?”

“Despite your aversion to people, touch is very important to you. Would you like me to lay on you or put my arms around you again.”

Will stared, obviously wanting it, but denying himself, “This is starting to feel like emotional prostitution, Doctor Lecter.”

“Then it’s very good you’re not my patient.” He smiled, looking over at the chaise lounge.

Will stood, then hesitated again.

“Will.” Hannibal said, with the intonation of a personal secret, “Has it occured to you that I enjoy the physical contact as well?”

Will gave a look, almost demure. Hannibal stood, following him to the lounge. Will laid down, curling so sweetly. Hannibal slid off his shoes before laying next to Will and pulling him close, wrapping tight arms around him. He slid an arm under him to clasp against his chest. Will gave a slow sigh, as though he had waited a lifetime for this pleasure. Hannibal sniffed his neck, intoxicated by the sweet fever.

Perhaps Will was not best served as his alibi. A willing accomplice may become a more compelling use for him, it seemed. And perhaps, with luck, he, Will and Abigail might be walking through vineyards in Europe soon enough.

“I dream about him now.” Will muttered, “About him tearing out my heart. They’re good dreams. I’m having really good dreams about a mass murderer.”

Hannibal smiled. He could move this along much faster. “Would you like me to come over tonight?”

Will shifted a little, but couldn’t move, as Hannibal didn’t yield, “Would I… Would you like to?”

“I believe I would.”

“I don’t have silk sheets and… nice mattresses. Hell, it’s all covered in dog hair.”

“I assure you, I’ve slept in worse places.”

Will paused. Hannibal could tell he was curious, but he didn’t press. He only nodded, “Thank you.”

“So, uh, there’s the bedroom… You’ve been in my house before, I just… I know it’s really... “

“Quaint. I enjoy it.” Hannibal smiled, “It’s authentically you.”

Will smiled and ducked his head, “I’m going to walk the dogs, you can get settled in.

Hannibal had come over later in the evening. He waited, wanting to inspire just the slightest bit of worry and doubt so that Will was especially grateful to see him. The man rewarded him surprisingly, hugging him at the door and burying his face in his chest. The vulnerability was beautiful.

After Will left with his pack, Hannibal went to the bedroom, changing into his sleeping clothes. He didn’t want to make Will stay up any later than need be. He looked over Will's bedroom, moving down to smell his pillow. It reeked of sweat and fear.

He saw the weighted blanket and picked it up to feel it. He didn't set it down as Will came in, the creaking of the front screen door and the scattering of claws on wood floors.

Will came in, after a bit, very tense, “Sorry. I was cleaning off their paws. It's, uh, a bit muddy out still. I'm gonna shower. Just… get comfortable. There's some decaf coffee, if you want a nightcap, or… just some water.”

“Thank you Will.” Hannibal smiled at Will's attempt to play gracious host. He moved to the kitchen, allowing Will his space. He opened cabinets, hoping Will would be at ease with his presence soon. They would have to spend tomorrow night at Hannibal’s home instead.

He knew already Will would begin to have a hard time sleeping on his own. Hannibal was glad to be his lifeline in whatever ways he could. Will had done nothing but impress him, scene after scene. It was only fair to reward him.

He found the liquor first, and poured himself a small glass of bourbon, then after thought, poured one for Will. He waited, sipping lightly at his own until Will emerged, wet hair clinging to the frame of his face.

“Thanks for waiting. Sorry about all that, just sort of… nightly rituals.” He walked over to Hannibal.

“Of course.” Hannibal stood and handed him a glass, “Take all the time you need. Your place is very relaxing.”

“I'm glad you think so.” His lip tugged up a bit, but he didn't quiet smile. “Thanks again. I know I'm asking a lot of-”

“Please, Will.” he held up his hand, “I won't hear any more.”

After a bit more conversation and whiskey, Will finally began to relax. Hannibal watched him, making sure he was well. He moved them both into the bedroom again, standing and watching Will climb into bed.

He slid in, laying down, then looked at Hannibal with a nervousness in his expectation. Hannibal gave a look, hoping Will would interpret to be as predatory as Hannibal meant it. He moved on top, pulling Will against his body, locking them together.

Will woke slowly. He felt warm and safe. He slept without dreams. He felt the body against his own and squeezed it, smiling a little before blinking awake.

Hannibal was laying across from him, watching his face with relaxed, sleepy eyes. Will smiled softly at him. Neither of them pulled their bodies away in embarrassment, despite Hannibal’s leg lodged between Will's, or the embrace they held each other in.

“Morning.” Will whispered, looking down at Hannibal's neck.

“Sorry to stare. I couldn't bring myself to move and wake you.”

Will have a half nod, “Do you want to get up now?”

“No.”

Will bit his lip and looked at Hannibal, who watched him with gentle, guiding eyes.

Hannibal kept his eye contact, something he loved to have of Will. He let his eyes drift to his full, but chapped lips. He could feel Will's pulse quicken against him. The man leaned a little closer.

Hannibal closed the gap, slotting their lips together.

Will didn't hesitate to kiss back, pulling Hannibal closer. Hannibal kissed him slowly, chastely. Will deepened the kiss.

Hannibal rolled on top of Will, knowing the weight would be appreciated. Will slid a hand down Hannibal’s chest. He bent his head to kiss at Will's jaw, beneath his ear, before sucking his earlobe, then whispering, “I think perhaps, breakfast is in order.”

“Fuck breakfast.” Will groaned, starting to run his thumb across the waistband of Hannibal’s pajama bottoms.

“Will.” Hannibal said, pulling back a bit.

Will looked to the side, embarrassed, pulling his hands away, “Yeah, sorry.”

Hannibal smiled and pecked his lips again, “I'll get started on it.” And got up.

Will laid there, catching his breath. He smiled, touching his finger to his lip. Hannibal wanted him. No one made him feel safe and alright the way Hannibal did. He wanted the man on top of him again, holding him down and kissing his neck. Will took a slow breath before getting up and getting his bed in order.

He came into the kitchen after a bit to find Hannibal already making scrambled eggs. He smiled, going to let the dogs out for the morning.

He wandered back over to Hannibal after a bit, like a lost lamb. Hannibal gave him a rewarding smile, shifting the contents of the pan. He set it down before cupping Will's jaw and giving him another gentle kiss.

“You know this is inappropriate.” He muttered against his lips.

“How very lucky that you aren't my patient.”

“And I felt guilty about having thoughts and dreams about you.”

“Better me than the ripper.” Hannibal said, pressing intentionally, but speaking teasingly.

Will grimaced, “This might not be safe for you. There's a chance he's infatuated with me.”

“Can a psychopath love?”

“He loves himself. And he thinks I can be a mirror.”

Hannibal plated he eggs. He hid his immense, overflowing pleasure. Will was perfection. He was so quick and intuitive it was dangerous.

“I'll take my chances.” Hannibal smiled and sat their plates down, “I have appointments soon. Perhaps you can come over tonight.”

Will blushed, “Do we have to do any… paperwork? Or anything? If we're going to do… this?”

“Let's wait and see. We shouldn't have to, but I think at a point in the future, others may have to know. Alana will be very unhappy with me.”

“Will she?” He snorted.

“Yes. I was put in your life to anchor you and keep you safe.”

Will finished his food, then smiled a little, “Well. You're still doing that. I'll see you tonight.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will open themselves.

Chapter Notes

Chapter ended up being a lot longer, more flowery, and much more smuttier than intended. Just a note.

Will felt like he was on a cloud all day. Never had he felt so head over heels romantic, not even when he kissed Alana. This was different, this was more than that. This was a deep emotional connection, one felt by both sides. And perhaps that was the appeal for Will as well. Not often had he the privilege of requited romantic endeavors. And never did he see himself with someone like Hannibal, someone so… put together.

He made his way through his lectures, hiding smiles every time he remembered the gentle kisses of the morning and the promise of more to come tonight. And more tantalizing was the chances the evening brought. He would be very in favor of sex with Hannibal, and after some thought, decided to outright plan for that possibility.

There was still, of course, the large issue of Will's instability. While it had turned away Alana, Hannibal did not seem to be deterred yet. If anything, the way Will was seemed highly compatible with the way Hannibal was.

Will, of course, completely suppressed the fact that he had been having sexual feelings towards the Chesapeake Ripper. Not only was it horribly outlandish to begin with, but it would no doubt drive away any chance he had for a sexual partner. He feared Hannibal was not quite oblivious to this strange attraction, but it was not obvious in the least.

Hannibal called him as he was driving home after work to change. Will saw his name and answered immediately.

"Hey!" He smiled, then chided himself for being so casual. But the sound of Hannibal's warm voice calmed him instantly.

"Hello Will."

"Are we still on for tonight?" He said casually, trying not to let his insecurities bleed through.

“Yes, I would very much like us to be,” Hannibal hummed, some tension in his voice, “But with an addendum. Jack Crawford visited my office today to speak to me more on the death of Tobias Budge. We talked for some time and I found myself inviting him to join us at dinner tonight. Will that be alright with you?”

Will paused for a moment, thinking. He wouldn’t mind the company at dinner, no. Jack was his colleague. But he wished he could escape work a little more during his time with Hannibal. And moreso, he felt already robbed of kisses and touches. And how would Will explain his staying the night. “Ah….” He mumbled into the phone, thinking more.

“I’ve told him you will be staying later in the evening for therapeutic exercises. We would have to keep our behavior chaste in his presence, of course, but the night is still ours, I assure you Will.”

Will smiled, trying to focus on the road and not on the blush that crept up his neck. Feeling desired by someone so desirable was sensational. He felt the warmth of the emotional validation spread, relaxing the tension in his shoulders. “That sounds nice. Yeah, that would be good, Dr. Lecter. Uh, Hannibal.”

“Wonderful. I look forward to seeing you.”

Will arrived somewhere close to fifteen minutes before Hannibal expected him. He parked somewhat further down, hoping the walk to the home would somewhat run down the clock so he wasn’t rudely early. But he found himself plotting stolen touches, just fascinated by the potential of the door he and Hannibal had opened just this morning.

He gently knocked on the door. Hannibal answered in seconds, looking a little confused. Will himself very quickly doubted his own presence.

“Ah. Will. You’re early.” Hannibal paused, not yet moving aside. He stood in the doorway, eyes calculating for a moment before he turned slightly, “Well. Come in.”

Will felt his heart catch in his throat. Something was wrong. He’d done something wrong. He ran through their phone call again in his head, shocked at the disconnect between the warmth prior and the bitter cold Hannibal showed now. Will didn’t suppose his outfit was too horrible. He wore a blue button up and a sports coat, which Hannibal took of him to hang on the coat hook. Was showing up early that awful of an offense? Did Hannibal change his mind on their previous interactions. Will followed Hannibal, mind racing.

“I, ah, am still in the process of preparation, I wasn’t expecting you to be so early.” Hannibal led him past the kitchen.

They moved by quick, but not before the red, raw heart on the counter caught Will’s eye.

Hannibal moved Will on to the lounge, offering him a glass of bourbon. He knew he was taking a risk to have staved off his preparation so long, but he did not expect Will to arrive early. In fact, he specifically told Jack Crawford to come at a later time. He thought Will, in

his nervous habits, would show up late. He was eagerly looking forward to kissing Will against the kitchen counter, roaming his hands slowly over his tight-strung frame.

He looked at Will, and was immediately aware of the anxiety it seemed he had caused the man. As exciting as it was to be genuine with Will, some performance was in order.

“I’m so sorry,” he gave an apologetic smiled, “I look a mess, I’m nowhere near ready for company.”

Will looked up and smiled, relaxing, “Oh, it’s fine. I shouldn’t have come so early.”

“No, no, I always appreciate your company. I may, in fact, ask you for help in the kitchen.” He hummed.

“Oh, I’d love to.”

“If you’ll give me a few more moments to prepare. I hate to leave you alone, but it is an absolute mess, and I won’t have you see it.”

Will paused, and Hannibal was instantly sure he knew.

“Well, I don’t mind mess.” Will said, his nonchalance telling, his tone making it clear the effort he was putting into obliviousness, “But the kitchen is your space.”

Hannibal took Will’s hand and kissed his knuckle gently. He couldn’t tell if the jump in the man’s pulse was from fear or arousal. He suspected both. While he would dine on the heart of Will’s surrogate tonight, there was no doubt that Will had his. Hannibal had never been so taken by someone else, so utterly fascinated. It seemed his moment of truth was coming to fruition sooner than he expected.

Will gave a little smile back, and it was clear from his eyes that he felt some manner of arousal. Hannibal wouldn’t doubt the man touched himself before coming over, based on the gratuitous smell of lotion.

He let go of his hand and left to the kitchen, quickly dicing the heart out of recognition. He would claim it to be pigs heart, but he was certain Will could tell the visual difference when raw. It didn’t help, knowing how the man fixated on Hannibal’s taking of the heart when examining the scene.

He was overtaken, for a moment, by the image of Will tearing apart his own heart, lips rouged with blood.

If Will rejected him, he would still be hesitant about it. Hannibal would likely have time to kill an unaware Jack Crawford before dealing with Will. The numbers were not quite in his favor, especially given the fitness of each agent, but he decided his success over the two was most likely. Neither, at the moment, would be in any rush to attack him. He would only turn to violence should Will outright accuse him at the table.

He fried the minced heart with ginger, garlic, and onion before leaving it to simmer, very aware of the time, going to check on Will.

Hannibal moved behind Will silently, so that the man did not see him before he spoke, inches from his ear, “I believe I was terribly rude earlier.”

Will did not jump or startle, rather turned with an enchanting smile, one that hinted Will knew something he didn’t. He would love to know how Will could possibly see himself as having any sort of upper hand in this situation.

“You were a little surprised, it’s fine.” He looked at Hannibal’s lip, subtly forgone, “I was worried you’d changed your mind about me.”

Hannibal smiled and leaned in. Will met him in a slow, bourbon-flavored kiss. Hannibal put his hands on Will’s waist. Will moved his arm back, setting his glass on the table behind them, pulling Hannibal closer. Hannibal paused for a moment, contemplating.

“If you tell me to use a coaster right now, I’m leaving.” Will smiled.

Hannibal would usually be strained to not slit someone’s throat after such a statement. The utter brashness of it, the disregard for his home. But coming from Will, it made him pull the man closer. He deepened the kiss, running a hand up to twist in his mess of brown locks. Will made a soft noise. Hannibal gave him lip a gentle bite, testing the waters. Will grabbed the back of Hannibal’s neck and pulled him closer. He canted his hips up slight, filling any space between their bodies.

Hannibal broke the kiss, only to move down, pecking along his jaw gently.

“I was worried you changed your mind about… this.” Will sighed softly.

“No. Not at all, sweet Will. But we will have to save more intimate touching for after dinner.” Hannibal pulled away from Will slowly. “How have you been feeling today?”

“I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you.” Will hummed, picking his glass up again, “Is that strange? I know I shouldn’t be doing this, we shouldn’t-”

“Will. If I felt this to be an ethical violation, I would not have done it.” He cupped his face, “You're going to worry yourself sick. Relax tonight. We can talk labels tomorrow, if you like.”

Will nodded, not sure at all if he would prefer that or not.

Hannibal led Will into the kitchen to help him finish the preparations of the evening. He sliced carrots and measured out vinegar, just following every instruction Hannibal gave him. Never was the other man demanding or impatient. His tone was sweet, and when Will had made a mistake, he took the opportunity to correct him gently, placing his own hands over Will's.

“Slice thinner.” He muttered against his neck.

Will gave a full body shiver. He let Hannibal guide his inexpert hands, make perfect slices. Will was just as intrigued by the domesticity as he was the sexual energy that shot through every touch.

Hannibal pulled away at the ring of the doorbell. He and Will caught eyes again, both assured the other would keep the secret. He smiled and went, opening to a tired, but well Jack Crawford. Hannibal stepped aside, “Come in. You have good timing, Will and I have just finished preparations for dinner.”

“I got held up in traffic.” Jack nodded, Hannibal leading him into the kitchen, “I can already smell it. Got some spice to it. What did you make?”

Hannibal came in to see Will peering over the pot with unhidden critical glare. He knew the man to not be a highly picky eater, and knew the ingredients would not offend. The recipe, at least, would not offend. It was becoming evident that Will may have suspicions on the origin of his ingredients. What an interesting night this was shaping up to be. “Bopis and steamed rice. If you’ll both sit, I’ll have this plated in a moment or so.”

Will gave Hannibal a slight, curious look before moving to the dining room.

“Just delicious.” Jack nodded. Hannibal enjoyed how free the man was with compliments on his cooking. “What did you say this was again?”

“Bopis. A Filipino dish of pork heart and lung with hearty seasoning.”

“The kick it’s got to it?”

“Bird’s eye chili.” Hannibal smiled, “I’m always gentle in my use of peppers, lest they overpower the dish. It should be tasted, but it should not be the only taste.”

“Oh, don’t mind me on that. It’s a well crafted meal, I’m just a fan of spice. Bella, uh, has me watching my diet, so this meal is a godsend.”

“Of course.” Hannibal gave a cheeky smile, “How is she?”

“Better.” Jack said, and not a word more.

“Pig heart?” Will smiled with a little tilt of the head.

“Yes.” Hannibal met his eyes evenly, “The recipe calls for heart and lung, but my butcher was quite out of the latter. But I took no issue. There is a higher level of preparation involved to neutralize the pungent odor of the pig’s lungs.”

“Cook with heart often?”

“Occasionally.” Hannibal sipped his wine lightly, “It’s a hard working muscle, and I must admit, working with it always feels very symbolic. Not so taboo as eating the brain, and much healthier. It can make quite beautiful imagery on the plate as well.”

Jack looked at his dish with a frown, “I’m glad you didn’t, ah, retain much of the shape. I won’t talk work too much, but I’m not sure how well I would like it after the last scene.”

“Come now, Jack.” Will smiled, showing teeth, “You’re not some green recruit who’s never seen a corpse before. I had no idea this kind of thing bothered you like that.”

Hannibal saw at once one of the most splendid images his mind could conjure. Will, shrouded in moonlight, hands wine dark, nearly black with blood. His eyes feral- no. His eyes fully rational. Computing. Calculated. The same steady confidence in him as when he pulled the trigger on Garrett Jacob Hobbs. In his hands, a raw, but boiling hot human heart. He brought it to his bowed lips and sunk his teeth in, snarling somewhat as he bit down, tearing the chunks of flesh from the meat. He stared at Hannibal as he ate, a perfect being fully realized.

He knew then, he would not kill Will Graham tonight.

One the dishes were cleared, after some manner of conversation, Jack finally excused himself.

“Thank you again, Hannibal. Dinner at yours is always a pleasure. And, ah, good luck with the therapy.” He smiled, “You’re really a good spot in Will’s life. He needs you right now. It’s kind of you to make your home available to him.”

“Nonsense. Will is a friend, I would do no less for him.” Hannibal smiled.

“Course. I’ll see you soon.”

“Drive safely.” Hannibal shut the door.

Hannibal returned to the kitchen to see Will already working on the dishes. His sleeves were rolled above his elbow, and his hands plunged into scalding soapy water. A picture of domesticity. Hannibal savored it for a moment before his manners returned. “Please, Will. You are a guest in my home, I would not have you clean. Fix yourself another drink and allow me the chores.”

Will turned with a little smile, grabbing the hand towel and drying himself, “You won't have to ask me twice. Your plates are too nice, I’d die of embarrassment if I broke one.”

Hannibal began to scrub them clean, “Your smile is becoming a much more common gift. To believe you once refused the bare notion of friendship…”

“You're a lot different than my first impression of you.” Will said, voice dryer, humorless. He forced a little cheer into it, “I'm, ah, gonna grab that drink.”

Will, in all his blissful timing, returned as Hannibal was drying off the last of the cooking utensils, a long, sleek knife. It would do little good against a bone, should he attempt to stab. But it's fine edge, should he have to slice, would draw out blood seamlessly. Will approached him, drink in hand, clearly on his second, but not clouded by it.

He could hit Hannibal with the glass. It would shatter. Will's hand and Hannibal's head would bleed. Hannibal had the benefit of familiar landscape. He knew what he could find in his

cabinets should more improvisational weaponry be needed. But he had the distinct disadvantage at the fact that dearly and truly, he did not want to kill Will Graham.

But he would if necessary.

Will met his gaze, and Hannibal had the extremely unusual feeling that the man could see right through him.

“Are you going to kill me, Hannibal?” He hummed, not seeming at all intimidated by the notion.

Hannibal studied him for a moment longer, still drying the knife, “You know I won't, at least not yet. Elsewise, you wouldn't be here.”

Will stepped closer, tilting his head up slightly. A half hint of his southern drawl teased on his tongue, “Is that so?”

“Yes.” Hannibal said with certainty, turning face the other man, heart bursting with joy, “You came to correct conclusions sometime much earlier in the evening. If you truly feared for your life, you would have made an excuse to leave along with Jack. His presence would grant you temporary safety until you figured out what to do about me.”

Will smiled and sipped his drink, “So perceptive, Doctor Lecter.”

“Tell me what you see when you look at me, Will.”

Will took a moment, then bit his lip and sighed, liquid confidence obviously brewing in his gut, “The first time I thought of you sexually was after that last Ripper murder. I was touching myself to the thought of you laying on top of me. Bad, I know. But my fantasy ended with you ripping the heart from my chest. That's when I knew. But I hid it from myself until this evening.”

“That soon?” Hannibal looked him over, clearly impressed. He set the knife down and moved closer, moving Will between himself and the refrigerator, trapping him. “So cunning. And so intimate.”

Will bit his lip, “You made sure of that… how many others have you killed? I have my suspicions.”

Hannibal cupped his face, “Should I tell you? What do you plan to do after you leave tonight? Call Jack? Fetch your gun and drive back?”

Will blinked, “I thought I was staying the night.”

And there it was. The true answer, the beautiful truth. Despite knowing him to be, at the very least, a notorious murderer with what may appear as an obsession, and at worst a cannibalistic, ruthless psychopath, Will still wanted to spend the night curled under his heavy form. Hannibal needed no more answer. He crushed his lips against Will's, pressing the man back against the refrigerator, hands running over his body.

Will responded eagerly, grabbing at Hannibal's hair, messing it in his fingers. His hips pressed up, eagerness evident. Hannibal dipped his head to suck and kiss at his Will's neck.

“Hannibal!” Will gasped, “Oh! Oh please."

Hannibal picked Will up and shifted to bend him over the counter, still kissing possessively at his mouth despite the angle.

Will groaned, “Bed. Please, bed. I need you on me.”

Hannibal pulled away, taking a small breath, “Yes. We shouldn't get overeager. There's so much to discuss.”

Will stood back straight, “...Yeah. As much as I'd love to be fucked in your kitchen, it's not the best idea just yet.”

“Would you like me to…” Hannibal dwelt on the word for a teasing moment, “Fuck you tonight, Will?”

“Even if I didn't see the heart on your counter, I’d want tonight to go that way.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, “And now that you have?”

“...I felt guilty. To draw you in to my violent, bloody world, then lead you on when I was so attracted to another. And not just anyone else, but a mass killer who made an explicit threat on my life. I thought it wasn't fair to try to saddle you with all my… crazy.”

Hannibal smiled, “With the knowledge of me being the same person, I assume your attractions have sustained for both images of self that you've seen.”

Will pressed their lips together again gently, muttering, “I want all sides of you. I'm only fortunate that they happen to all be sides of *you*.”

Hannibal kissed him again, slower, a steady flame of passion opposed to a flare shot up in the night. Good. He wanted to take Will slow and with purpose.

Will pulled Hannibal closer, almost on top of him. Hannibal smiled. He was still so absolutely desperate for the pressure of another person's body on his. Hannibal kissed him, just drawn in by his openness, the intimacy he was allowing himself to take. After a bit more, they broke away, and Hannibal led him upstairs.

“Are you going to tell me who else you killed?”

“Who do you suspect me of killing?”

Will gave a half second of thought, but it was clear he already drew his conclusions. “My doppelganger, at least. Tobias and Franklin both. Miriam Lass. Nick and Cassie Boyle.”

“And many in between who went nameless.” Hannibal hummed, “But two of those were incorrect.”

“Are we really playing guessing games, Hannibal?”

“Yes. I want to know every angle of your perception of me.”

“...Tobias actually killed Franklin. I don't know elsewise.”

“Still wrong, my dear Will.” He sighed in disappointment, “Miriam Lass is not dead. And Abigail killed Nicholas Boyle.”

Will stopped behind him in the hallway, “Abigail?” His voice sounded small, hurt. As though he never could have suspected the sweet young girl of what she really was. Amazing how he could see through Hannibal, but not Abigail, who most others already suspected.

“Yes. And she helped her father find the girls, as bait. She's yet to admit this to me, but I'm nearly certain of it. I assume you will keep her safe with me.”

Will's uncertainty dissolved. The words had hit their mark precisely. He nodded and took Hannibal's hand carefully, “Yeah. I'll keep her safe. You know I'd never let anything hurt her. But we can't… have her killing more. And you can't kill for me again, I mean it.”

Hannibal tilted his head.

“Cassie Boyle. The doppelganger. It was different before. I don't know if I can look at a crime scene now, knowing that you were the one to put it there. Don't do that to me.”

Hannibal smiled gently, backing Will into the bedroom, “I won't.”

Will stopped to kick off his shoes before pulling Hannibal onto the bed, down on top of him. He smiled, “Now make me forget about all of that for a moment, please?”

“You're taking this remarkably well.” Hannibal muttered against his neck, letting himself fall on Will's body.

“The conversation is far from over. But I've made up my mind on a few things. And one of those is having sex with you tonight.” He paused for a moment, “I mean… you want this too, right?”

Hannibal kissed him ferociously, hands tangling in his hair. Will made a half noise of surprise before melting into it, hands gripping at Hannibal's shirt.

He pulled back, “If you'll allow, I would like to save my clothes from further wrinkling.”

“Of course you would.” Will smiled and started undressing himself.

Will laid back down in only his undershirt and boxers. While he had been exceptionally forward and brave tonight, it seemed he was shying away from being too brash.

Hannibal hung his shirt and jacket, feeling Will's heavy gaze on him. It was exciting. Nothing had been this sexually appealing for him in quite a long time. He figured he could deal with ironing his pants tomorrow, not wanting to waste a moment more.

Hannibal climbed back on top of Will, kissing him slowly. He was angled above, hands on either side of Will.

Apparently this was unsatisfactory, as Will grabbed his shoulders and pulled him down tight p of him. against his chest. He kissed deep, but still slow, exploring the way the other man felt. Hannibal himself enjoyed the scrape of Will's two-day stubble against his face. His hands were curious, but gentle in their roaming. Hannibal wouldn't outright assume Will had only been with women, but it was clear he was still new to being the more submissive partner. It was very clear as well that he enjoyed it. Distractedly, Hannibal thought Alana might have been a good match for Will, in another life.

Will slid his hand flat against Hannibal's stomach, intentions and curiosity clear. Hannibal broke the kiss to gaze down at Will's face as the man wrapped his hands around Hannibal's growing erection. Will stroked him slowly, biting his lip. Hannibal placed his hand on the side of Will's face and rocked into his hand gently, encouraging his touches.

"You're really going to make me ask for everything?" Will looked away, nervous habits springing up again like weeds.

"You'd like me to touch you." Hannibal nodded, "I want to stress that if anything makes you uncomfortable, please stop me."

Will nodded, "Hannibal. The fact that I still want this, after everything I know…" He bit his lip, "I'll tell you if I want you to stop or not do something. But right now I really want this and I'd really like if you didn't make me beg for it."

Hannibal smiled and started kissing his neck and jaw, hand running his chest. Will gave a pleased sigh. Hannibal slid his hand under Will's shirt, riding it up more, touching his warm flesh. He ducked then, kissing Will's chest slowly. Will helped, pulling his shirt over his head and tossing it to the side. His hands returned to Hannibal's head, playing with his hair as he trailed his mouth down Will's chest.

He kept moving downwards. Eventually he thumbed at Will's boxers, moving them down and freeing Will's dripping cock.

Hannibal smiled up at him and started licking, then sucking the leaking head, savoring every bit of the taste of him. Will groaned and arched his back, intoxicated by sensation.

Will hitched his legs on Hannibal's shoulders, gasping in total pleasure. Whether he had really been with a man or not before, it was very clear he wasn't used to an eager sexual partner, or had gone long without any partner at all. He clung to Hannibal at every twitch of his lips, at every touch.

He sucked him to the base, tongue playing patterns on his skin before pulling off to suck at his testicles, taking in every taste and scent of *Will*. He groaned and ducked again, kissing wetly at the warmth of Will's hole.

"Oh Jesus Christ Hannibal!" Will groaned, arching further, "Oh fuck you're amazing."

Hannibal licked and sucked at him, nose buried in the soft flesh of his genitals. Will grabbed the sheets and writhed in pleasure, gasping.

Hannibal ate him until he was looser. He dug through the second drawer down on his nightstand before finally pulling out lubricant.
He smeared it over his fingers and started teasing Will's spit-splick, sensitive hole.

Will gasped, and Hannibal pressed his body back on top of him, “Who do you see on you now, dear Will, about to debase you so? Do you see your kind therapist? Who comforts you and pleases you and cooks for you? Or do you see the Ripper? Do I split your body open to consume all you have in you?”

Will whined and grabbed for Hannibal's head. Hannibal smiled and crooked his fingers, sliding his mouth back over Will's pulsing cock, sucking up the mess as the other man spilt his hot load into his mouth.

Hannibal swallowed rapturously, taking in every part of Will he could be given.

Will made weak noises, coming down from the powerful orgasm. He grabbed for Hannibal, who moved back on top of him, holding him comfortingly.

He pressed against Will, despite the sticky sweat and the heady scent of sex that clouded them both.

“Do you want to go on and fuck me tonight?” Will asked after he brought his breathing level.”

Hannibal thought for a minute, holding the man, “Perhaps. But first, as some matter of the verity of consent, I'd like to take a moment to discuss your encephalitis and cognitive issues.”

Will groaned and pushed him off, “Alright. Tonight you're telling me all the important secrets, the ones that are going to matter to me, or that's it. Got it?”

Hannibal gazed at Will, deeply in love, “Absolutely.”

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

> Was starting a sequel, and just kind of faded off. Here's a bit of it that I wrote, so I hope it serves as something for y'all.

Will sipped his cognac, giving a pleased noise, “Ah. I missed this.”

“I thought you would appreciate it. And as a doctor, with you officially off your medicine, I can allow it.”

Will had been recovering from his surgery for the past few weeks. He'd gone to the doctor, a referral by Hannibal, and was pushed for operation as soon as possible. Will did not hide his displeasure at Hannibal for letting him get so bad. There was, however, the small benefit of Jack Crawford's immediate and terrible guilt. He didn't expect much in the way of apologies from him before.

Besides, it was hard for him to be angry at Hannibal. Their lives had slotted together now, they moved like dancers through the days, in sync and tumbling towards love.

The evenings found one at the others house, cooking, reading together, talking for hours, or, with slow and gentle hands, exploring each others bodies. Hannibal had been adamant not to have sex with Will until after his surgery. It was such a surface gesture, given that Hannibal had been primed to cast Will into insanity as an offering to the law in his place.

Once, after probing from Will, Hannibal explained most of the points of his plan so far. It would have gone wonderfully, mostly due to the horrifying swelling of Will's brain. Hannibal would take Abigail to Europe and Will would rot, brain setting itself on fire.

Instead they came together. Hannibal had tentatively promised to not kill again. Will knew that would have to be negotiated and renegotiated for as long as they were in any form of relationship. He wasn't asking Hannibal to change himself, only to stall until their next moves. Hannibal, still so entranced by every emotion that being truly known by Will brought him, agreed to put it on hold.

Will couldn't reconcile it in himself still. He didn't want Hannibal to kill anyone. But he wanted Hannibal to make corpses. It was a bizarre line to toe, and impossible in practice.

He knew Hannibal feared his mind would be changed once out of surgery. But if anything, he saw their entwining clearer than he had before. And he was still curious. He was desperate to know what Hannibal saw in him, what he knew he had hidden in himself for a long time. He

used to consider himself sick, but his opinion was beginning to shift after every talk with Hannibal.

“You're lost in thought.” Hannibal hummed softly.

“Only thoughts of you.” Will smiled. His confidence had grown considerably under Hannibal. He knew it was something others had noticed as well. He took pride in it.

Will sat up more, “You know… if I'm off medication and can drink again… I would say my body has healed enough for strenuous activities.”

Hannibal wasn't in the mood for a drawn out game tonight, not in that aspect. “You want me to have sex with you.”

“I want us to have sex.” Will nodded, “You've made me wait long enough.”

Hannibal gave a soft smile. Will had been desperate for it, as though he needed their relationship to be so traditionally consummated. Hannibal knew, deep down, that it would be another physical act that would bring them together, one of much more carnality. But it would take time for him to show Will how to desire that.

Will sipped his drink. Hannibal watched him, locking their eyes. He knew it made Will nervous. He knew the nervousness and the intimacy were starting to excite him. Hannibal strode over and pulled Will close, kissing him slowly. Will melted against him, the dark liquor mingling on their tongues.

Will scrambled blindly to set the glass down, needing to focus all his energy and touch on his lover. He slid it half on to the nearest table, still not breaking the kiss, growing more desperate in it, yet staying slow and languorous.

Hannibal seemed partial to rubbing at Will through clothes, giving teasing touches, or anything else aimed to drive the man to crumbling neediness. Will fed right into it. It often involved Will trapped between Hannibal and a hard surface, with hints of delicious roughness.

When Hannibal pressed Will against the table to grind their hips together, affording only abrasion and not enough sensation, the small glass fell to the floor, shattering impressively so that many of the smallest pieces were nothing but sharp, shining dust.

They broke the kiss for a moment, staring at the mess. Hannibal sighed and traced a hand down Will's arm. Will looked back at Hannibal.

“Let's leave it.”

“It will have to be cleaned, you know.”

“Later. I want it to stay there for now.” Will said.

Hannibal nodded after a moment, then grabbed his hips, kissing deeply again. He ducked to suck and kiss at his neck, careful not to leave a visible mark, but hungry for his skin. Will

made a pleased noise and pulled him close.

Hannibal started toying with the buttons of Will's shirt. Will made a noise, “Let's move upstairs.”

“And leave your glass here?”

“Yes.”

Soon, Will found himself on Hannibal's soft mattress as they kissed ferociously. Will pulled Hannibal harder on top of him, then groaned to feel the press of his erection.

“How many rounds do you think we can go tonight?”

Hannibal pulled back, a hand confidently resting on Will's chest, “I cannot speak for myself. But knowing how eager you can always be, you'll orgasm twice tonight.”

“Twice? Hannibal.”

Hannibal smiled, tilting his head, “Three times. And you won't want a fourth.”

Will gave a sure, self satisfied smirk. That wouldn't do at all. Hannibal kissed down slowly, opening his shirt to a bare chest. He sucked his nipples, nosed along his ribs, and slid his tongue into his shallow belly button. Will watched, surprisingly patient for the way he twitched and shivered at every touch of his soft belly.

Hannibal slid his pants down and grabbed at his ass with firm hands, massaging it slowly. He groaned, muttering a little affirmation. Hannibal smiled and freed his cock from his pants, looking over it slowly, then licking a wet stripe up it. He stroked along what didn’t fill his mouth, inhaling the sweet scent of Will and all his sweat and arousal.

He sucked the head slowly into his mouth, then started bobbing, cheeks slightly hollowed. It was apparent he was no newcomer to handling penises other than his own. Will gave another pleased noise and ran a hand down through Hannibal’s soft hair.

“Isn’t there a joke about cannibals and blowjobs?”

Hannibal looked up, amusement in his eyes, and gave a hint of teeth on the upstroke, scraping along the sensitive flesh. Will grabbed his hair hard and arched up, letting out a sweet moan. Hannibal pulled off with a wet pop.

“You enjoy pain with your pleasure.” Hannibal purred, stating it as fact. There was no room for Will to deny it. It was perfectly obvious to Hannibal before, but now he had the chance to see it all in action. He dipped his head again and slid his tongue at Will’s meatus, evoking another bout of writhing from the man. Will pulled his hair harder.

“Goddamnit Hannibal!” He started pumping his hips forward, still holding Hannibal by the hair. Hannibal took it in stride.

He swallowed around Will, intrigued on the man's desperation and ferocity. He would allow this now, but there would be future conversations on the appropriateness of face fucking. Will made a gasping noise, one Hannibal was by now familiar with as meaning he was approaching orgasm. It was lovely, as though it caught him by surprise each time. His body tightened. Hannibal kept bobbing his head despite Will's grip on him going slack.

Will came down Hannibal's throat with a pleased sigh. Hannibal swallowing it, savoring the taste of Will. He would love few things more than to bite down and feel blood burst over his tongue, Fortunately, Will's continued pleasure and consent did rank above. He pulled off slowly, looking up at Will with predatory eyes.

Will panted, head flopping back onto the pillows, "Thank you… Let me return favor."

"No. Stay laid down, I want to finger you open." Hannibal pressed on his chest, flattening him to the bed. Will enjoyed being pushed and ordered. Hannibal was well aware of that. His breath caught a little every time Hannibal so much as moved him aside in the kitchen.

Hannibal smiled gently at him and trickled cold lube on his hole. Will made a noise of protest, then shivered as Hannibal began tracing the rim with his fingers.

He made quick, steady work of opening him, rejoicing in every sound that escaped his lips. He was soon able to twist and move his fingers deeper inside, massaging his prostate slightly. Will groaned and arched. Hannibal put a hand on his chest, flattening him again.

Will gave another noise, excited. Hannibal pushed in a third finger, stretching him patiently. He could have just spent the night playing with his hole, opening and teasing it, tasting it, although that would come later.

"If I beg you to fuck me now would you only torture me more?" Will grunted after a bit,hips rocking up slightly.

Hannibal smiled, "No. But I will have to hear you beg."

"Please, please please please please. Fuck my ass. Hannibal, please, Jesus I'm going to come on your fingers if you don't, and I *really* want you in me."

Hannibal pulled away and smiled, then moved atop Will. Missionary would serve well for this time. He needed to put the weight on Will's chest, to look in his eyes as they fucked.

He slowly pressed the fat head on his cock into the hole. He breathed out his nose slowly, savoring as it encased him.

He looked down. Will looked up at him reverently.

He began to move, gently rocking into him. Will groaned and grabbed his arm. Hannibal smiled and leaned to kiss him as he rolled his hips. It was an awkward kiss which mostly composed of Will making soft, wordless noises into his mouth. Hannibal sped up gradually until Will's fingers dug into his forearms.

“Mmm… ah. Ah…” Will gasped, then pulled back best he could to look in Hannibal’s eyes. There was a steady, pleased darkness in his own gaze as he said, “Ripper.”

Hannibal grabbed his hair hard, pulling at the scalp with both hands, using it as leverage. He forced his whole body weight onto Will and thrust roughly into him.

Will screamed in pleasure as Hannibal bit at his throat. He wrapped his legs tight around him, crossing behind his back at the ankles.

Hannibal growled and angled his hips, driving in deep.

Will gasped, eyes rolling back, and reached down, pulling on his erection, overstimulated and desperate. Hannibal pressed harder onto him. Will trembled, then grabbed at Hannibal's back, dull nails scraping best they could as he desperately searched for something to cling to, riding out his orgasm.

Hannibal pumped his hips slowly, then came after him, flooding his insides.

Will panted softly, going slack. His arms and legs slid down off Hannibal, dropping onto the bed. His body relaxed. Hannibal smiled and kissed his mouth gently, then his cheek.

He shifted to his jaw, giving soft ministrations to the stubble there. His lips travelled to his chest, laving at a nipple, tongue dipping into his bellybutton.

Hannibal had moved down, mouthing at Will’s taint gently. Will made a little noise and shifted. That wouldn’t do at all. Hannibal hooked his arms under Will’s legs and grabbed his hips hard, keeping him in place so Hannibal could stay with his head between his legs. Will gave a little movement, mostly to see how constrained he was. Hannibal had him tight. All he could do was grip the sheets and moan as Hannibal began to slowly eat out his ass, licking and teasing the rim.

Hannibal finally pressed his tongue inside, evoking a gasp from Will. He licked in slowly, then pressed his mouth against his hole and sucked gently, tasting his own come. Will groaned, “I can’t, Hannibal, I can’t do it again, you can’t just… It’s not going to… ah…”

Hannibal pulled his mouth away for a moment, “Do you really believe that? Do you honestly want me to stop?”

“I’ve never done it three times in a day I didn’t think you were serious!”

“I always keep my promises.” He smiled and moved his mouth back up to take the side of Will’s cock in his teeth, giving the smallest, gentlest bit of pressure.

“Hannibal!” Will nearly sobbed, “I’m telling you! I’m sensitive! You can’t keep doing this…”

“Ask me to stop.” Hannibal gave a soft hum and returned to rimming his sperm out of Will’s hole, greedy in his work.

Will didn’t say anything else. Hannibal knew he wouldn't. This was a very good sign. Will was curious to see just how far Hannibal would push him, just how capable he was of being pushed. If this was a traditional relationship for either of them, Hannibal wouldn’t dare press Will so hard. But if he wasn’t going to put him on the brink at times, he wouldn't hold Will's attention, and he would hardly be himself

He stroked Will twice with a firm hand and felt him shudder, warmth trickling down onto his fingers. Lovely. Hannibal moved and licked him clean, eliciting a weak, pained little noise from Will.

He laid beside him then, smiling, “You asked for three. Know that anything you ask for will be given to you.”

“So you're a monkey's paw?” Will grumbled, but looked at him with pleasure and amusement in his eyes.

“What's your next wish then?” Hannibal hummed and kissed his shoulder.

“A hot shower. And maybe a midnight snack. I can't dream of you doing anything to food.” He paused, “Besides that.”

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!